

NO RACING GRAFT FOR ODELL.

CAN'T DICTATE THE NAMING OF THE NEW COMMISSIONERS.

Higgins Put His Foot Down on the Ex-Governor's Demand and the Latter's Visit Was All in Vain—Three New Members of the Board Seen to Be Named.

SARATOGA, Aug. 6.—For just a week the visit of Chairman Odell of the Republican State committee to this beautiful village has been a hidden mystery. A week ago last night Mr. Odell boomed into town and was soon in consultation with Bouquet Halpin and photographer McKnight. Wherever Mr. Odell goes Bouquet Halpin and McKnight are waiting him. They are, as it were, the two scouts for the Odell fugitives of the town.

When Mr. Odell arrived in this village, after his talk with Halpin and McKnight, the amusing yarn was hoisted out that Odell and Halpin and McKnight were giving serious consideration as to whether the "lid" was on or off in Saratoga Springs. These are the usual Odell tactics. The question of the "lid" was not even discussed by the three, Odell, Halpin and McKnight. The real reason for the "lid" was for the purpose of hiding the real purpose of Chairman Odell's visit here.

The real reason why Chairman Odell came to Saratoga Springs a week ago was for the State Racing Commission ring. The State Racing Commissioners are August Belmont, John Sanford and Edwin D. Morgan. All of those terms as Commissioners have expired. In fact the terms of these three Commissioners expired some time ago and Chairman Odell has endeavored in every way possible to compel Gov. Higgins to name three Racing Commissioners who shall be under the thumb of Odell. There are vast opportunities in the State Racing Commission.

"More opportunities," said Bouquet Halpin, and McKnight chimed in "than in Wall Street."

The first step that Odell took on arriving here a little over a week ago was to send Halpin down to Albany to ask Gov. Higgins what he intended to do about selections for the successors of Belmont, Sanford and Morgan. Halpin got little satisfaction from Gov. Higgins.

Halpin returned here and reported to Odell: "Higgins said he's got three men, but he won't tell who they are."

Gov. Higgins, it was ascertained, intends to make a change in the State Racing Commission, but he does not intend to turn the commission over to Odell's control. It is doubtful, however, if Gov. Higgins makes a change in the commission before November. Gov. Higgins, according to the best information received, has many complaints against the State Racing Commission, as composed of Belmont, Sanford and Morgan. All of these complaints tell of a monopoly, which, under the leadership of August Belmont, has been created in racing matters in the State.

The State Racing Commission, of which Mr. Belmont is president, is absolute in powers to name the dates for meetings and has also full authority to extend to one track over another and to extend to one of kindness to those in the Belmont ring. It is said that Mr. Belmont and his friends, in carrying out the great monopoly of racing in the State, practically control the Queens County, the Metropolitan, the Westchester, the Brooklyn and the Coney Island jockey clubs, and the Brighton Beach and the Saratoga racing associations. From 1886, when the Percy-Gray law became operative, the total receipts from all of the tracks in the State were \$544,414, but in 1903 the total receipts were \$3,896,125, an increase in ten years of 700 per cent.

The anomalous position the State occupies is illustrated in the fact that while the Constitution declares that "there shall be no gambling in the State," the State receives 5 per cent. of all money received at the tracks, so that the State received last year nearly \$200,000 as its share from the income of racing in the State.

Gov. Higgins, it is understood, has received complaints to the effect that the Belmont monopoly racing ring stands in the way of building additional racing tracks in the State, and in other ways the Belmont ring is criticized as hostile to the best interests of racing. To hold stock in any of the jockey clubs and racing associations in the State and the tracks represented by them means additional income, and Mr. Odell is well aware of the opportunities in that direction. He is not opposed to the Belmont ring because he is an outsider. Mr. Odell represents to the life the philosophical remark made a number of years ago by a well known financier: "Young man, don't quarrel against the trusts and break 'em up."

Gov. Higgins is to appoint three new commissioners, it is understood, who, if need be, are to allow new people to build new tracks in the State. The three commissioners Gov. Higgins is to name will not be under the Odell control. Gov. Higgins has no quarrel with Odell, it is said, only Gov. Higgins is bound to show to the people of the State that he at least is doing his level best, with his eyes open for the people and that he will not receive orders from Odell when those orders consist of the same old style of doing things for Odell's pocket. Gov. Higgins, it was added, cares little about Odell speaking of him as a "chump" and as a "nice little man," but Gov. Higgins, it was asserted, does very seriously object to Mr. Odell's statement: "Higgins? why, I own him, body, loots and breeches."

Chairman Odell, as quickly as Halpin reported to him the result of his mission to Gov. Higgins at Albany, saw that the jig was up, that he could not break into the State Racing Commission, and he quickly left town, and nothing more has been heard of Odell's interest as to whether the "lid" was on or off in Saratoga Springs.

Muzzling Upsets Tombstones and Dislocate Man's Shoulder.

A white mustang owned by Charles Herbert of a Webster avenue, Jersey City, ran away on the Hudson Boulevard in that city last night and made a short cut down a side street into the Hudson County Catholic Cemetery. He kicked over several tombstones before Mounted Policeman Tom Lynch subdued him. The horse cop drove the mustang to the Montgomery street police station. While waiting for his owner to claim him the animal kicked George Aiken of 42 St. Paul's avenue, and dislocated his right shoulder.

Nearer New York Than Ever.

"The Second Empire" of the New York Central brings all Central and Northern New York nearer to the metropolis. Syracuse, 8 hours; Oswego, 8; Utica, 7; Watertown, 7 1/2; Albany, 5 1/2; Geneva, 5 1/2 hours. Parlor car New York to Oswego.

OUR CANAL THREATENS ASIA.

Says Sir Patrick Manson, Unless Yellow Fever There Is Overcome.

Sir Patrick Manson, who is at the head of the London School of Tropical Medicine and medical adviser to the British Colonial Office, is at the Holland House here, on his way to San Francisco to deliver the Lane lectures before the Cooper Medical College in that city.

"Sir Patrick is the discoverer of the transmission of malaria by the mosquito, and is regarded as an expert in England on mosquito transmission of diseases. He is naturally much interested in the yellow fever situation in New Orleans.

"The discovery of the mosquito origin of yellow fever," said he yesterday, "was a splendid piece of work. If your people only had faith in it and act on it, there need in a few years be no fear of yellow fever. The diagnosis of yellow fever and malaria is very much the same, and it is difficult to tell one from the other, but a man who knows how to use his microscope can distinguish them. To avoid both yellow fever and malaria, don't get bitten by mosquitoes. We avoid it by using common sense. We can also get rid of these mosquitoes eventually by common sense.

"The Panama situation is the biggest medical problem of the age. It is not a question of ridding the place of mosquitoes and making it as healthy as possible, for while the canal is being built, it is a far bigger question than that. When the canal is completed the current of commerce will be changed and unless permanent measures are taken there will be great danger of introducing yellow fever into Asia. Yellow fever in Asia is absolutely unknown, but all the conditions are there. The world would shudder at the consequences.

"This is the greatest load of responsibility placed on the shoulders of the United States. One thing should be done at once; make the connection of yellow fever a crime and punish it as such.

"Whether the epidemic in New Orleans can be stemmed out speedily depends upon the honesty and intelligence of the people who are in charge. If cases are reported as soon as they occur then the authorities can act efficiently."

HEIR DROWNS HERSELF.

Wrote That She Was Tired of Life and Leaped From a Boat.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—Miss Elizabeth Burgess of Mattoon, Ill., an heiress to half of a fortune of \$500,000, climbed through a port-hole of the steamer Manitou, en route to Mexico, and drowned herself. Her body was not recovered. Miss Emily Burgess, sister of the suicide, is at the home of Mrs. Alfred Goods, 201 Munroe avenue. Miss Burgess had been under treatment for melancholia at a sanatorium in Kenilworth. Her mother died within a year after the death of Mr. Burgess.

Miss Emily Burgess decided that her sister's condition was such that a trip to Mexico would improve her health. Although the sick girl said little to arouse suspicion, her sister looked the door of the stateroom that night and saw her key in the lock. Elizabeth Burgess slept in the upper berth.

When Emily Burgess awoke in the morning she climbed on a stool to extend to one of kindness to those in the Belmont ring. It is said that Mr. Belmont and his friends, in carrying out the great monopoly of racing in the State, practically control the Queens County, the Metropolitan, the Westchester, the Brooklyn and the Coney Island jockey clubs, and the Brighton Beach and the Saratoga racing associations. From 1886, when the Percy-Gray law became operative, the total receipts from all of the tracks in the State were \$544,414, but in 1903 the total receipts were \$3,896,125, an increase in ten years of 700 per cent.

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ASSASSINS AT CHINESE PLAY.

HIP SING KILL TWO MEN IN TONG FIGHT IN THE THEATRE.

Explode Firecrackers as a Signal or to Mask the Gunfire, and Then Eight or Ten of Them Start the Murder Game—Hit & Run—Dead—10 Arrested.

The dingy little Chinese theater in Doyers street, just around the corner from the Bowery, was the battleground of the Tong last night. Trouble broke loose at 10 o'clock, when Chinatown was packed with sightseers, and when it was all over two dead Chinamen were in the Hudson street hospital, with two so badly hurt that they may die.

The Hip Sing Tong got revenge good and plenty for their many defeats at the hands of old Tom Lee's On Leong Tong. The dead Chinamen and the two who are badly hurt belong to the On Leong Tong. The dirty, smoky little theater was jammed with Chinamen from all over Greater New York last night, smoking cigarettes on the straight backed benches, seeing the play, "The King's Daughter," that has been running for months with only the 34th act completed, and listening to the jangling, jarring music.

Oddly enough there weren't any white people in the theater, although it was late at night, when the theater usually goes to the theater in droves. There wasn't a policeman in the house when the guns began to crack. One had been there, Young of the Elizabeth street station, but he was called out by two of Eggers's men who were gunsmoking through the quarter, looking for pie-guns, dominoes and other useful things. There were probably 500 Chinamen in the house and they came from most of the laundries in Manhattan, The Bronx and Jersey City.

During the running of the past between Dr. Parkhurst's Hip Sing friends and the On Leong Tong, the Chinese theater has been neutral ground, and no matter how many fights and gunplay there were in the rear of Chinatown, it was always safe for all Tong men to go to the theater and bury the hatchet while watching the show. The Hip Sing Tong has knocked that precedent all to smash.

Last night, as usual, the audience was pretty evenly divided between Hip Sing Tong and On Leong Tong. The orchestra, beating out the king ranking music and the actors in "The King's Daughter" were drowning away in a most exciting scene. The air was blue from the smoke of cigarettes.

Suddenly, a lean Chinaman, wearing a brown jacket of old cloth from his seat, pulled a string of firecrackers out of his pocket and touched them off. He threw them on the stage and they went to popping, crackety bang.

When the crackety bang went off and the Chinamen in the theater were screaming with excitement, dodging under benches or making a break for the door to Doyers street, the Hip Sing men jerked long pistols from their pockets and began to bang away.

Before the firecracker scene they must have marked their men with care and observed just where they sat where a .44 bullet would get them. Eight or ten Hip Sing men had revolvers out and were shooting carefully at first. Four men went down at the first volley and lay on the floor of the theater, riddled by the yellow fire. The other four were doing their best to get out of the house. The assassins kept on firing and the only wonder is that a dozen weren't ready for the hospital when they quit.

The Tong men of On Leong were caught napping, mainly, said Gin Gum, their secretary and old Tom Lee's right hand man, because they never thought Hip Sing would try to do them up inside the theater. But they had their own guns out as soon as they recovered from the surprise and the setback and went after Hip Sing men with blunderbuss and revolver.

They were too late to do much good for themselves and they bagged nobody. Not a Hip Sing man got a scratch, though several showed up at the police station with their jackets burned with powder and powder marks on their hands and faces.

Just about the time that the On Leong brethren got their nerve back and their pistols popping, and the hullabaloo in the theater was deafening, Young and the two Chinese detectives, who had been waiting for the Doyers street door. The crowd from the Bowery pushed into Doyers street pell mell, sailors, a marine or two, women from the wine rooms above Bowery groceries and all the rag tag and bobtail of the street after dark, all excited and bound to see what fun was going on.

The three cops were blocked at the door by the rush of Chinamen making a break for the street. For two or three minutes the three cops were kept at bay by the blunderbuss, although not one of the three Chinamen made a move to shoot them or to strike a blow.

It was found when the police got in that four men were on the floor, two of whom have since died. The dead are Li Yook, 39 years old, groceryman of 3 Doyers street, shot four times in the chest, once in left arm. He died in the ambulance. Ung Sing, 16 Doyers street was shot once in the right temple. He died in hospital. There were ten arrests.

GUNFIGHT BETWEEN BROTHERS.

One Dying, the Other in a Cell Next to a Third Tetherow, Who Killed His Man.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 6.—Buren Tetherow, a deputy sheriff employed by the Turner Coal and Iron Company, was fatally shot this afternoon at Birmingham, a mining town in the western part of the county, by his brother, Claude Tetherow, aged 22, a coal miner. A dispute arose between the two brothers in front of their boarding house and both pulled pistols. Before Buren could use his gun Claude had fired six times, two of the bullets breaking off the handle of the pistol of Buren and three striking effect in his body. The wounded man was brought to the city and carried to a hospital.

A woman was at the bottom of the trouble. The prisoner was placed in a cell adjacent to one occupied by a brother, Glen Tetherow, who is waiting a decision from the Supreme Court on a conviction and sentence of forty years for killing Alderman White at Enley, Ala.

Jersey Navy Reserves Out for a Cruise.

The old war steamer Portsmouth, built in 1848, left Hoboken at 10 o'clock yesterday morning with over 100 members of the First Battalion Naval Reserve of New Jersey, bound for a two weeks cruise in Long Island Sound. She will not go any farther than Vineyard Haven, Mass. Some of the reserves will return by train at the end of the week. The Portsmouth was towed to the Sound by a tug.

RAID ON POLISH TREASURY.

Thieves Kill Two Watchmen and Get Away With \$20,000 Rubles.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 6.—It is reported that forty armed men broke into the local treasury at Opatoff, Poland, and killed two watchmen and wounded three others. They then seized \$20,000 rubles and made their escape with their booty.

ENGINE HITS A WAGON.

Kills Two Young People and Injures Two Others.

FOXBORO, Mass., Aug. 6.—Two persons were killed outright and two were bruised at the North Foxboro railroad crossing last night. They were the occupants of a two seated wagon which was struck by a "wild" engine.

The dead are Estes E. Smith of North Foxboro, 19 years old, and Miss Flora Sawyer of Westport, N. H., 19 years old. The others in the carriage were Chester Willis of this city and Fred Knight of Swansey, N. H. Their injuries are slight. Flora Sawyer was the daughter of Charles Sawyer. She had been a guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Lucy Willis of North Foxboro, for three weeks.

OPERATOR'S LAST MESSAGE.

"Give It to Me Now! I'm Dying." He Tells Chief Whom He Asked for Rest.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 6.—John W. Colman, 30 years old, a professional telegrapher here, died yesterday of consumption after two or more years of suffering.

"Jack," who was known by his friends and fellow operators, walked from his home to work as usual yesterday and seemed cheerful until shortly after 5 o'clock, when he sent a message to the chief operator at Chicago asking for five minutes rest. The answer came back: "Soon." Colman, with unsteady hand, took the key and said: "Give it to me now; I'm dying." He was taken home and lived but a short time.

SAYS HE'S ROCKWELL JUNIOR.

Man Found in Closed Rockwell House Held for Identification.

When Lincoln A. Rockwell, who lives at 715 East 14th street, left on a vacation trip he asked the police of the present station to watch his house closely. Early yesterday morning the policeman on the post saw a broken window on the first floor and glass burning upstairs. He went in and found a young man undressing in one of the bedrooms.

"The burglars in this house," said the young man, "I'm Frank Rockwell and I live here with my father."

The police locked the young man up in the station and he was held until this morning in the Morrisania court yesterday morning Magistrate Barlow held him in \$1,000 bail pending news from Rockwell senior.

NO DELAY IN REEF CASES.

First One May Come to a Hearing Before Oct. 5.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—Preparations for an early trial of the reef cases are being made by United States District Attorney C. B. Morrison in the office of the United States Attorney-General in Washington, and it is expected that the first case will be placed on hearing not later than Oct. 5. Recent developments in one case are said to have prompted Mr. Morrison to visit the Attorney-General and lay the facts before him as justification for placing under particular case on trial without delay.

President Roosevelt and Attorney-General Moody are said to have agreed that the trial of the reef cases ought to be hastened. There are twenty-one packing officials and five corporations indicted, and as each case will have to be tried separately the hearings may require at least two months.

DOGS KILL BRONX DEER.

Night Raids on the Zoo That Lead to a Stricter Patrol.

On the nights between Wednesday and Saturday last night, a deer was killed in the Bronx Zoo. A brown horned antelope, a China hog deer, a black buck and five Axis deer. Not all were killed on the same night, the keepers finding two or three dead every morning. Every one had gashes in its throat. A hole large enough to admit a man's arm was made in the wire fence surrounding the deer park.

Director Hornaday was particularly vexed, because five fallow deer were killed during a moonlight party. He has established a larger patrol of armed keepers.

JERSEY CITY MONKEY HUNT.

Chimpanzee Escapes From Fancier and Evades All Efforts at Capture.

Ernest Jones, the only negro monkey fancier in Jersey City, was looking last night for a forty pound chimpanzee, which escaped from the monkey house in the rear of his home at 255 Henderson street.

The monkey climbed to the roof of Jones's house and proceeded over roofs to the corner of Henderson and Montgomery streets. There it endeavored to cross the street on telegraph wires, but slipped and fell into the arms of Officer Winkler, and thence to the street. In a flash the runaway was on the awning again, grinning and chattering at Jones. When Jones tried to get a stick of dynamite, he was told down by the street to No. 133, where it lodged in the hall and went through to a rear window. All trace of the animal was lost at this point.

MABEL IS IN PARADISE.

She Named It Herself—Says She Has Fifteen Valuable Mines There.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—"Shepherdess" Mabel Jackson, who conducted a "heaven" in the alley back of a ruined church edifice at Twenty-third street and Indiana avenue, and who disappeared several weeks ago, taking all the angels treasure, has been found. She is now in the hands of the police, and her story is a strange one. She says she has located fifteen mines in the neighborhood of Mill City, Nev.

Mabel is going to build a town and call it Paradise. The mines are "rich in gold and other valuable material," the letter states, and she discovered them through divine power. In her office she had a "heaven" with her. "Churches, factories and homes for Chicago's poor are to be established in Paradise," according to the letter, if everything turns out all right.

LEFT ALL TO ISABELLA HOME.

Bronx Tailor Said to Have Made Over His Whole Fortune.

It was reported last night that Louis Dudenberger, a Bronx tailor who died last Tuesday, had left his entire estate, valued at about \$100,000, to the Isabella Heimath for Hebrews, Amsterdam avenue and 180th street. A daughter of Dudenberger, Mrs. Margaret Hughes, lives at 206th street and White Plains avenue in the Bronx. She said last night that she had heard that her father had left all his property to the home. She had been estranged from him for forty-three years because she married against his wishes. She heard that he was "dying" and hurried to his home, but got there too late.

PEACE FLEET HELD UP BY FOG.

Ships Bearing the Envoys From Oyster Bay Put Into Newport Harbor.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 6.—The peace fleet, bound from Oyster Bay for Portsmouth, N. H., is anchored in Newport Harbor to-night. The stop here was not on the schedule, and is due partly to the dense fog prevailing and partly to the fact that Mr. Witte, senior Russian envoy, is a poor sailor.

WITTE GOES TO BOSTON.

Russian Chief a Poor Sailor and Will Not Rejoin the Mayflower.

Other Envoys Remain Aboard the Vessels, Which May Not Get Away for Portsmouth Until To-morrow—Witte Sends Telegrams From Newport—Secretaries Come Ashore From Other Ships With Despatches—Notice of the Delay Sent to Portsmouth—Fleet Stopped Once Before During Trip From Oyster Bay.

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Mr. Witte came ashore at 5 o'clock this evening and left later by train for Boston, where he will spend the night. The other envoys stuck to their ships, which will not sail until the fog lifts.

Crossing the ocean from Cherbourg to New York Mr. Witte was seasick a number of times, particularly on the first day out. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse found light seas and pleasant weather afterward and Mr. Witte recovered, but he was not found on deck often, members of the party said, when the seas began to roll.

Before the Mayflower, with the Dolphin and the cruiser Galveston, left Oyster Bay yesterday afternoon, one of the Russians remarked that he was afraid Mr. Witte would find the trip to Portsmouth unpleasant, but that he had decided to take a chance.

When a train arrived here this morning with the private car Massachusetts attached, it was learned that the car was sent to take Mr. Witte to Portsmouth, as he had not been well on board the Mayflower.

About 10 o'clock, Mrs. Cameron McR. Winslow, wife of Commander Winslow of the Mayflower, drove to the yacht club landing and inquired if the fleet had been sighted. There was a dense fog at the time and no word had been received from the fleet. When hour after hour passed and still nothing was heard from the Mayflower or the other vessels, Mrs. Winslow, Rear Admiral French B. Chadwick, Harry O. Havemeyer and other inquirers began to get anxious.

Shortly before 5 o'clock the stiff breeze lifted the fog blanket temporarily and Capt. Kenyon at Price's Neck leaving station discovered the Mayflower, the Dolphin carrying the Japanese envoys, and the Galveston escorting the two yachts, anchored off the lights. He reported the news to the landing, relieving those waiting there measurably.

As soon as the fog lifted the Mayflower weighed anchor and ran into Newport Harbor, the Dolphin and the Galveston remaining at anchor. At the forepeak of the Dolphin the flag of Japan was flying, red disk in a white field. The flag of Russia flew at the Mayflower's foremast head.

WITTE COMES ASHORE.

The Mayflower dropped anchor off the torpedo station and dropped a launch over the side. It brought Mr. Witte, Mr. Korostovetz, Commander Winslow and two secret service men guarding them, ashore. Mr. Witte looked amiable and not at all ill, but his face was noticeably pale and he appeared to be relieved to feel good ground under his Russian boots.

Mrs. Winslow, Admiral Chadwick and Mr. Havemeyer received the envoy at the landing, and after introductions were made all around Commander and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. Witte, Mr. Korostovetz and Admiral Chadwick got into Mr. Havemeyer's automobile. They drove through the college colony and Mr. Witte called at Admiral Chadwick's cottage, where he was presented to Mrs. Chadwick. Then Mr. Witte went to the Winslow home for dinner.

Mr. Witte also went to the telegraph office and sent several despatches. He declined to talk about anything. He seemed much interested in the crowd which gathered at the telegraph office and surrounded his carriage. In response to cheers he lifted his traveling cap several times, smiled and bowed with the careful courtesy the Russians have shown at all times during their reception in this country.

TAKEN TRAIN FOR BOSTON.

Shortly after 9 o'clock to-night Mr. Witte and his secretary were driven to the depot by Admiral Chadwick and Commander Winslow and the Russians boarded the private car Massachusetts, leaving at 9:55 for Boston.

The Galveston and Dolphin came into the harbor at 8:30 o'clock and anchored off the torpedo station, and several of the secretaries of the Japanese envoys came ashore to file despatches and get papers, but neither of the envoys came ashore.

THE TRIP FROM OYSTER BAY.

Mayflower Heads the Line, the Dolphin and Galveston Following.

ON BOARD THE CRUISER GALVESTON.

Aug. 6.—When President Roosevelt left the yacht Mayflower on Saturday and the fleet gave him the 21-gun salute, the cruiser Galveston began to take a formal part in

the ceremonies preliminary to the peace conference.

The crews manned the two forward 6-pounders and let 'em go, the officers and the marine guard clicked their heels and stood at attention. Every one was as stiff as a ramrod except Patrick Spikes, the goat, official mascot.

Patrick is young and not accustomed to gunfire. At the first blast of the port gun, Patrick, who had been chewing an empty cartridge shell, sprang to the starboard side, jumped on the rail and balanced himself. At that moment off went the starboard gun right in his ear. Patrick turned and fled wildly, aft, broke up the formation of a file of bluejackets and brought up snoring on the quarterdeck, where he knocked over two ensigns and wholly spoiled the dignity of the occasion.

Away off in the distance a flotilla of yachts bobbed and bowed about the Mayflower and Dolphin. The quarterdeck watched it through glasses, speculated on the number of pretty girls there must be on those yachts and remarked that it was about as much as they saw of the Paul Jones ceremonies at Cherbourg after all.

Just then an Admiral scooted by in a motor boat. The bugle sounded two ruffles and the officers came to the fore again. "And this is about all we have been doing for our pay lately," said one of the ensigns sotto voce.

Since she went into commission six months ago, the Galveston, except for a short period of service with the West Indian squadron, has been hiving over the world attending ceremonies.